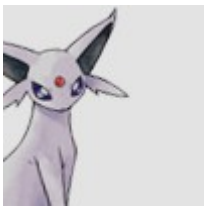
[ficlet] Hand-picked mistletoe.

- Jan. 12th, 2011 at 4:41 AM



Title: Hand-picked mistletoe.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Kissing and inappropriate touching.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Sam.
Word Count: 344 words.
Summary: Gabriel hung it himself. Snapped it there himself. Semantics.
Note: This is the fifteenth of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific

present to **liebesdammerung**, who wanted a Sam/Gabriel Christmas-y thing. So I went for a cliche. :) I hope you like it!

Gabriel pointed up, keeping a straight face up until Sam laid eyes upon the greenery just above them. That was when he developed a smirk, a full-on this-is-my-best-prank-*ever* smirk.

"Is that - "

"Hand-picked mistletoe? Yup."

"And we're - "

"Standing directly beneath it? That too."

"You put it there."

Gabriel rolled his shoulders and gave Sam a good look, a did-you-seriously-just-ask-*me*-that look. "Of course I did."

"You do realize that we're in the middle of January."

"You do realize that we're still standing under it?"

Sam closed his eyes for a moment, sighing. "You're going to insist on this."

Gabriel tilted his head, then dipped it in a nod. "Eyup." He put his smirk back on as he gave the mistletoe another lookover. "Want me to pucker up?"

Sam gave Gabriel his own rendition of the 'did-you-seriously-just-ask-me-that' look, then sighed and leaned forward, kissing Gabriel lightly, quickly, hoping to get it over with. He was completely unsurprised when Gabriel deepened the kiss and made it more, grabbing Sam's wrists with too-tight grips.

The moment a tongue wandered into Sam's mouth, Sam bit down. Hard. He got a close-up view of Gabriel's eyes widening in surprise as the tongue was pulled back.

"None of that," Sam said against Gabriel's lips. He also got a close-up view of Gabriel narrowing his eyes.

Gabriel pointedly pushed his tongue back in and mmmed, tasting.

This time, when Sam went to bite, Gabriel squeezed the front of Sam's pants almost too-hard with a twinkle in his eyes, and Sam froze.

"Better!" Gabriel declared, and resumed his exploration of Sam's mouth, fingers digging into Sam's crotch. "Mmm-mmph-mm?"

Sam stared at Gabriel, then cautiously opened his mouth further, hoping he was doing the right thing. You don't argue with the guy holding your junk. You just don't.

Gabriel brightened and gave Sam a final kiss, long and deep before he let them separate, grinning.

"I like you," He declared, pointing at Sam.

Sam glared, and said *nothing* about how he had begun to maybe actually kinda like how Gabriel kissed.